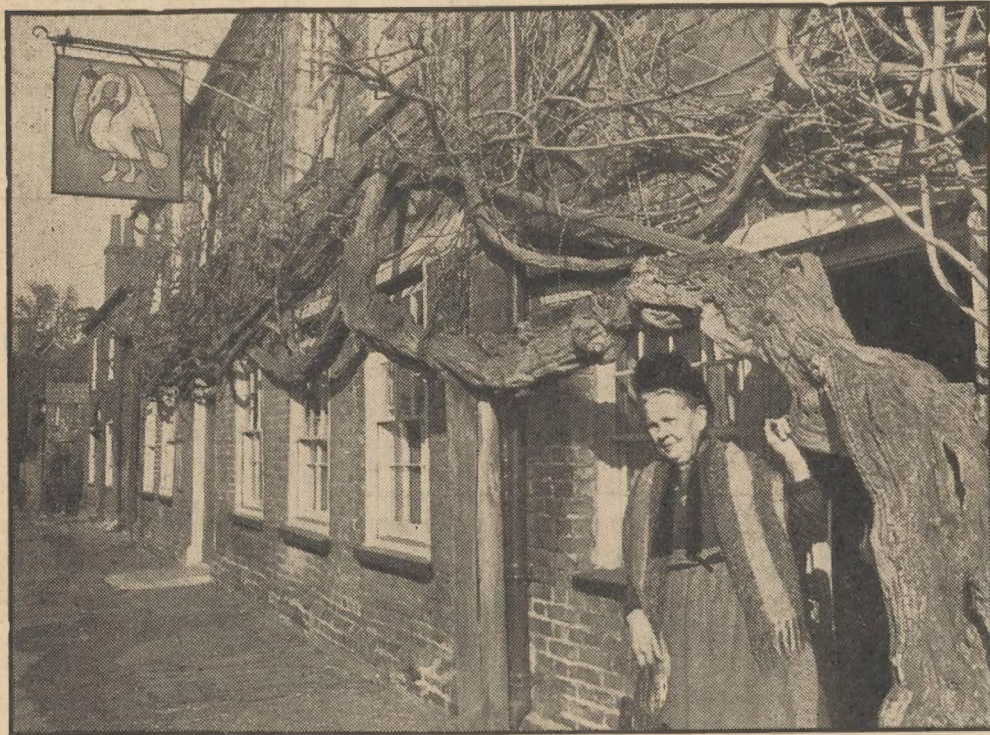


# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

12

## She's just a Little Old Lady



From her cottage door, peeping out from the great bough of the wistaria, Mrs. Stone emerges to bestow one of her truly bewitching smiles upon our cameraman. The wistaria is even more ancient than Mrs. Stone, and stretches its long limbs the length of this ancient inn.



This is Ellen Stone, a change from the feminine beauty we have shown sometimes in these pages—but only in years. Look at her—and agree with us that when your grandfather was young she was a smasher!

By  
RONALD  
RICHARDS

YOU know the song—you know the sentiment—well, here's the reality, located for you by Ronald Richards and George Greenwell, "Good Morning" reporter and photographer, while they were searching for other picture-stories to entertain you. We think you will like the look of Mrs. Stone—like the story of her simple daily life and her weekly "treat"—like the pictures of her quaint little cottage under the wing of the friendly "Swan" next door. So we will let Ronald Richards tell you her story below.

MRS. STONE doesn't have many visitors. When they do arrive at number one Swan Cottages, however, they are received with outstretched arms, offered a cup of tea, and shown a picture of Anna May Wong.

Mrs. Stone will be 95 shortly, and, remarkable as it may seem to other people, she hasn't any doubt at all as to why she has reached this ripe old age.

It is because she asks her Maker every night to take her safely into another day—because she thanks Him every morning for doing so, and because she is happy, and because she is an integral part of the community of the tiny Buckinghamshire village of Denham.

### Yes—She Smiles

Mrs. Stone lives in a cottage next to the Swan Inn. She has lived there many years now, and she intends living there many more years—until the Lord calls upon her, in fact. She is old and withered and deaf and poor, but Mrs. Stone

smiles, and when she smiles her eyes disappear and her natural teeth, which she has never cleaned, become prominent.

She moves with amazing agility, and she plays dominoes and she recalls film sets staged in the village by the local studios. When her visitors bow their heads to avoid the two-hundred-year-old wistaria that cuts eighteen inches off the top of her front door, they step into a tiny parlour.

### Mrs. Stone's Parlour

They see in front of them a fifty-piece dinner service that is dusted every day and has never been used. They see a tiny fire and oven that is used every day and is blackened every morning. They see a frame of portraits of local boys who served in the last war—more photographs of her friends, including Anna May Wong and John Loder, who visited her when making a film in the village six years ago—and photographs of her two late husbands.

### Mother of the Village

Most days are the same for the mother of the village; she prays and cleans and washes and talks and cooks her delicate but scanty meals every day.

On Saturday—every Saturday—she walks four miles into Uxbridge to buy her week's rations. She walks home again, and is usually tired in the afternoon, so she rests. At seven in the evening she pays her weekly visit to her best friends, the landlord of the "Swan" next door. She stands in a corner and nods and chats and thinks, and has two tots of

whisky. The landlady takes her home then and puts her to bed.

That is a week in the life of Mrs. Ellen Stone. It is a week, but it might be any week.

Neither Mrs. Stone nor her habits have changed for many years, and they will never change on this earth.

### Happy Birthday

Soon she will have another birthday; then there will be a party next door, in her honour. There will be a collection, as there has been for many years, and her rent will be paid until the next birthday. There will be parcels from the village and greetings from the studios, and Mrs. Stone will, perhaps, be allowed an extra taste of whisky. If her wisdom, her withered skin and her silver hair were any criterion, Mrs. Stone might be as old as her 400-year-old home. Somehow, though, her smile, her wit and her sprightliness give lie to those qualities, and give the impression that she is young and vital and beautiful.

## THEY SAY—

### What do you say?

"If the white man returns to the religious basis of civilisation, deriving therefrom the respect for his fellow human beings which his civilisation demands of him, the face of the world is immediately altered, because it is the white man who has recently been imposing inequality upon the vast majority of the human race."

Mr. Herbert Agar.

"America inherited in the beginning, her traditions, but over a period of centuries she has developed her own traditions. . . . The United States is entering, even now, upon a new era in its history. That new era may be characterised by increasing stability rather than by change, and by increasing emphasis upon things American rather than upon those inherited from Europe."

Professor Henry Steele Commager.

"To-day there appears to exist what, for want of a better word, might be termed a 'process' mind, a mind capable of performing routine work with efficiency, but largely devoid of original ideas and the ability to transform creative thought into action."

E. H. Cavendish (Ilfracombe).

"The facts of anatomical and physiological development are not affected by the considerations which determine the age at which compulsory whole-time education of children ceases; and the mere fact of leaving school at a particular age does not immediately convert a child into an adult."

Norman Bennett (Harley St., London, W.1)

## THE LIGHT THAT FAILED but—

By  
AL  
MALE

HAVE you ever been out in the life-boat when the waves were mountains high, or dashed into a blazing building with flames licking the sky? You haven't? Well, neither have I, so we start level.

But, speaking of ice hockey, did I ever tell you the true story of how Frenzied Polecats lost the Bundon Cup just when trainer and backer Jasper Dogsboddy was being pictured with the trophy in his grasp, so to speak? Well, listen.

It was north of Yukon, where a man kills a man just for revolver practice. Polecats were to face Grizzly Bruins in the final line-up, and handsome Harry Heeman, captain of Bruins, had been promised "Yes" for an answer by blue-eyed Nell Pure if Bruins gained the points.

Jasper, too, had a villainous eye on sweet Nell, and Jasper's reputation made Al Capone look like an altar boy by comparison, so things were not too good.

The great day arrived; every saloon in the town was empty as ten thousand toughs filled the stadium, and the teams took the ice to a salute of ten thousand revolvers—fair play at all costs, boys.

I won't describe the play in detail, sufficient to say that two periods of cannon ball shooting, "all-in" body checking and "full house" penalty boxes, found no score on the board.

If Bruins lost, Nell Pure was lost, a case of either Bruin or ruin, and handsome Harry Heeman wore a worried look.

Fifteen minutes flashed by in the final meet. Heeman snatched the puck. Oh, boy! What a thrill! Hypnotising the Polecats' front line, he handed the dummy to their defence, who charged each other into insensibility, drew out Castiron Steel, and sent a rasping shot between the posts.

Did the boys go mad? Well, five thousand of them did—the other five thousand would have done if the red light had flashed, but it didn't.

Polecats' goal, lovingly fingering the dry battery from the goal-light, as it nestled in his left-hand pocket—that light would never signal a goal for Bruins. In his right-hand pocket lay the calves' liver he had "borrowed" to celebrate his dastardly deed that night.

Strange how Fate suddenly takes a hand, though, isn't it?

Handsome Harry had a pet bloodhound named Trixie, who was passionately fond of liver, especially calves' liver, and, having missed her lunch, she decided to go search for same. Stronger and stronger grew the scent as she raced towards the stadium, until, triumphant, she hurled herself at Jasper Dogsboddy, snatched the calves' liver from his right-hand pocket and, putting her forepaws on the barrier, gave a wink of gratitude to Handsome Harry.

That wink happened just as Harry smashed the puck into the net, and though Jasper had fozzled the light, the blood-red eye of Trixie sufficed to convince Referee "Quick Decision Pokerface" that Bruins had scored.

Ten thousand guys slept under the saloon tables that night. Jasper Dogsboddy did a fade-out, but was never missed—but listen—this is what I like to tell. In the little log cabin of a banana farm, way up in the Rockies, you'll hear a yodelling voice call "T-R-I-X-I-E," and across the vast space the answering voice of a blue-eyed child replies, "Coming, Mother."



Above: Inside the tiny parlour, Mrs. Stone sits beside the hearth which has given her warmth and bright comfort for so many years. Behind and above her you glimpse the china, pictures and ornaments she would proudly show you.

Right: Mrs. Stone has her weekly game of dominoes with the kindly friend at the "Swan" next door—lingering over her tot of whisky as she ponders over the wisdom of her next move.



## Periscope Page

### How to Write

#### Short Stories—2

## "SETTING THE SCENE"

By C. GORDON GLOVER

IF you are going to write things well, and sell them well, and enjoy the whole process, you must feel what you are writing about. The greatest short stories derive their inspiration from reality—that is, from the observations of their author upon life at first-hand, and not life at second-hand. It is the dramatic, the comic, the wistful, the tragic and the unlikely in our own experience that are the inspiration of all true creation. It is what the fellow in the pub said and did when the old girl-friend whom he hadn't seen for years came in; it is the reaction of a friend with whom you are sharing a common danger or a common joy; it is the character of the queer old lady in the next street; it is the constant, always fascinating, often unlikely behaviour of the human beings we ourselves know and observe—it is such things that make the stuff of real stories.

The setting of the short story I started to tell you about I personally knew. Years ago I had visited a strange, half-tumble-down old house in Cornwall—a place that was full of rather splendid decay, and, I was convinced as I wandered through its overgrown grounds, of ghosts. Anyway, for the purpose of a story, why not? Ghosts are always interesting. So is love. Therefore, idly recalling the nice, intelligent face of the girl I had met there that afternoon, I began to work out a plot.

Here was the setting—mysterious old house. Here was the girl. Let there be a young man. Let the old house itself have been converted into a hotel, and let, forthwith, the two characters meet on holiday, he bragging a bit, she amusedly resenting it, and saying:

"I wouldn't say there were no such things as ghosts." Then, adding to his contemptuous shrug, "Have you ever been to the little pavilion by the sea?"

### Take a Tip

## SNOOKER

By JOE DAVIS

IF you're just learning to play snooker, I am all in favour of concentrating on potting the ball and not worrying too much about the next shot.

But as soon as you have acquired confidence in plain ball-potting, you must immediately try to bring positional play into your game; otherwise you'll never make breaks except by pure luck.

The greatest joy in snooker is to make a big break without a fluke, with every position just as you schemed and played for it. The chief snag in playing for position is that your concentration on the pot is likely to suffer, so that you miss it. Well, getting the pot must be second nature. Rhythmic action will help you a good deal, and so will the piston swing.

In break building three arts must be acquired—mastery of strength, use of stun, and use of screw. Forget about side until you are very, very good. Mastery of strength means rhythm and touch—you can only teach yourself this art. Screw is a matter of practice, I am afraid. It consists of hitting low with power, accuracy and bite, and to acquire deep screw you really must get down to it by yourself for an hour or two and experiment until you get the feel of screw.

Stun is only possible where the shot is full or nearly full. It is a fairly simple shot, contact just below centre. On a full shot it will stop your ball dead on contact. Try it with a loop bridge as well as with the ordinary bridge. All the best, lads!



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

# NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by JULES VERNE

A MOMENT afterwards we were seated on a divan in the saloon, with our cigars. The captain spread out a diagram that gave the plan of the *Nautilus*.

"Here, M. Aronnax, are the different dimensions of the vessel you are in. It is a very elongated cylinder, with conical ends, much like a cigar in shape. It displaces 50,000 feet of water, or weighs 1,500 tons. When the *Nautilus* is afloat one-tenth is out of the water. I have placed reservoirs of a size equal to this tenth capable of holding 150.72 tons, and when I fill them with water the vessel becomes completely immersed. These reservoirs exist in the lowest parts

of the *Nautilus*. I turn on taps, they fill, and the vessel sinks just below the surface of the water."

"Well, captain, but now we arrive at the real difficulty. I can understand your being able to keep just level with the surface of the ocean. But lower down, when you plunge below that surface, does not your submarine apparatus meet with a pressure from below?"

"Professor," answered Captain Nemo, "you must not confound statics with dynamics, or you will expose yourself to grave errors. There is very little work necessary to reach the lowest depths of the ocean, for bodies have a tendency 'to sink.' Follow my reasoning."

"I am listening to you, captain."

"When I wished to determine the increase of weight that must be given to the *Nautilus* to sink it, I had only to occupy myself with the reduction in volume which sea-water experiences as it becomes deeper and deeper."

"That is evident," said I.

"Now if water is not absolutely incompressible, it is, at least, very slightly compressible. If I wish to go to the depth of 1,000 metres I take into account the reduction of volume under a pressure equivalent to that of a column of water of 1,000 metres. I ought, therefore, to increase the weight so as to weigh 1,513.79 tons instead of 1,507.2 tons. The augmentation will, consequently, only be 6.77 tons. Now I have supplementary reservoirs capable of embarking 100 tons. I can, therefore, descend to considerable depths. When I wish to remount, I have only to let out this water, and to entirely empty all

the reservoirs, if I desire that the *Nautilus* should emerge one-tenth of its total capacity."

To this reasoning, founded upon figures, I had nothing to object.

"I admit your calculations, captain," I replied, "and I should be foolish to dispute them, as experience proves them every day, but I foresee a real difficulty."

The lady lion tamer at the menagerie was demonstrating her control by allowing the man-eating lion to take a lump of sugar from her lips.

The audience was spell-bound—until a sailor broke the silence.

"That's easy—I could do that," he cried.

"Oh could you?" retorted the indignant lady lion tamer.

"Just as well as the lion," said the tar as he walked calmly away.

"What is that, sir?"

"When you are at the depth of 1,000 yards the sides of the *Nautilus* support a pressure of 100 atmospheres. If, therefore, at this moment you wish to empty the supplementary reservoirs to lighten your vessel and ascend to the surface, the pumps must conquer this pressure of 100 atmospheres, which is that of

## JANE



# Follow the Brains Trust

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS

THIS question from a housewife must have arisen in many minds since the outbreak of war. "We know of minor abuses of the law in war time—customers favoured by shopkeepers—people giving billeting officers false particulars, and so on—should we report them? Should I report my neighbours of offences against the war effort?"

The B.B.C. Brains Trust handled this difficult question as follows:—

Miss Jennie Lee: "I'm not fond of minor snooping. I don't think in this country we want a police system over which every trivial detail is reported to higher authority. The best way of dealing with anti-social behaviour is to make people respect the social atmosphere of the district. But certainly, when we're up against people who want desistently, even in small things, to behave in a selfish and dishonourable way, it leaves no choice to responsible citizens except to try to maintain the law."

William Mabane, M.P.: "Nothing is more difficult than to be telling whether one ought to report small offences. But I would give this piece of advice: Before you do any report-

ing, be quite sure of your facts. It's so easy to imagine that others are committing offences when perhaps they're not. It certainly is a social duty in war time to secure that regulations are properly observed, but don't imagine that everybody else is a law-breaker—if you are certain, then report, but if you aren't certain, give the benefit of the doubt to the person of whom you are, for the moment, suspicious."

Commander A. B. Campbell: "Well, I've found it very awkward sometimes—people have meant to be friendly to me and have said, 'Look here, we can do this or that,' and I've said, 'Well, I honestly don't think it's patriotic,' and if you can put your view to people that they're going to play the game, we've all got to suffer and tighten our belts, the day of victory will come nearer. I think Miss Lee's attitude is right. These people don't mean wrong. They really mean it kindly, but I have been offered concessions, and I frankly admit that I've sometimes wondered how many people do also fall for these things. I think the thing to do is to tell them straight—'Well, play the game! Come on—let's all suffer together and then

we'll get through all right."

Sir William Beveridge: "I think I'll sum up by saying I agree with what has just been said. The first step, I'm sure, is, if possible, to tell the person who commits the offence that you know it, and persuade them not to. That, incidentally, gives you the opportunity of discovering whether your facts are right. This, I think, answers a very good point made by Mabane. In general, I should say minor offences, one shouldn't report. I think this country would be a dreadful country if we all got into the state of informing on one another as is the duty of people in totalitarian countries to report on one another."

## QUIZ for today

1. What is a Camelopard?
2. Who was the architect of Liverpool Cathedral?
3. What year did Abraham Lincoln make his world-famous speech at Gettysburg?
4. Who wrote "Candide"?
5. Which of King Arthur's knights was involved in a scandal with Queen Guinevere?
6. Who composed the ballet music "Coppelia"?
7. What do Americans call our letter "z"?
8. What city did our Tommies call "Wipers"?
9. Who played the Hunchback of Notre Dame in the film of that name?
10. On what date did the last Great War break out?
11. Who was the last King of Portugal?
12. Of what three flags is the Union Jack made up?

## Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Alabama. 2. Kentucky. 3. Mississippi. 4. California. 5. Colorado. 6. Ohio. 7. Massachusetts. 8. Delaware. 9. Tennessee. 10. Kansas. 11. Georgia. 12. South Carolina.

*Nautilus*. When the work was ended, fire destroyed all trace of our proceedings on the island."

"It must have cost you a great deal."

"An iron vessel costs £45 a ton. The *Nautilus* weighs 1,500 tons. It came, therefore, to £67,500, and £80,000 more for fitting up; altogether, with the works of art and collections it contains, it cost about £200,000."

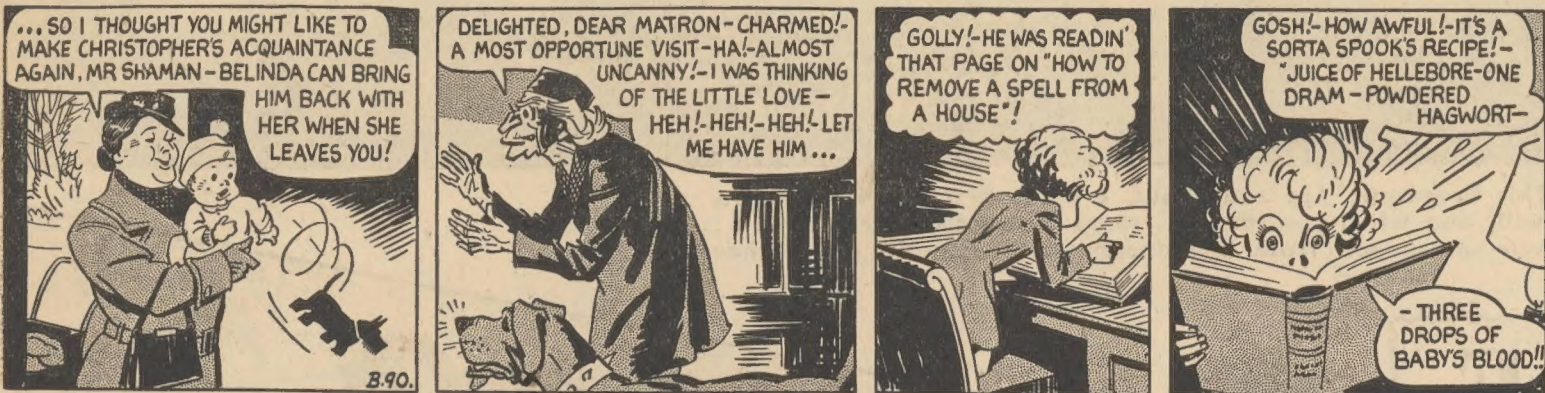
"One last question, Captain Nemo."

(Continued to-morrow)

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Ruggles



The Fleet was in, and the landlord of the dockside pub, out for business, broadcast an offer of £5 for anyone who could lower five consecutive pints of beer in five minutes.

A sailor heard the offer, and left the bar.

A few minutes later he returned and announced, "I'll accept your challenge." Ordering five pints, he lowered them at amazing speed.

"I didn't think it possible," said the landlord as he handed over the money.

"Neither did I," said the sailor, "until I went to the pub along the street just now and tried it."

✕ ✕ ✕

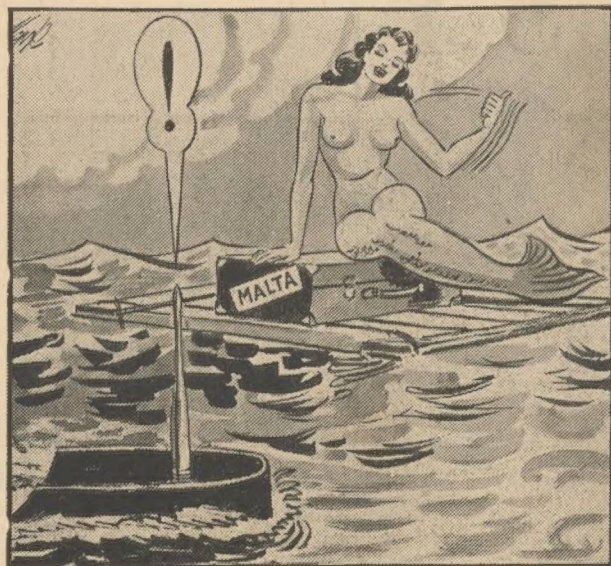
The bus was crowded. A fat woman came in and stood beside the seat occupied by a young sailor.

He immediately got up, but the woman pushed him down. "I don't mind standing," she said. Four times he tried it; four times he was good-naturedly pushed back.

At last he lost his patience.

He scrambled to his feet, pushed the woman aside, and rumbled, "For heaven's sake, let me get out—I've gone a mile past my stop already."

HEARD THIS ONE?



Hitch-hiker

Home on leave, the two sailors were visiting a cinema, after having more or less quenched their thirsts.

During the interval they had to go out, and found great difficulty in getting back to their original seats.

At last, one of them thought he had his bearings. "Excuse me, madam," he said, "are you the lady whose foot I trod on when I went out?"

"I am," she answered angrily. The sailor turned to his pal. "This is our place, then," he casually said.

✕ ✕ ✕

Wearily the doctor dressed and got out his car.

Outside, he picked up the rather talkative and extremely friendly sailor who had knocked him up with a "Make haste, doctor," and set out on a 2 a.m. drive to the nearest town, ten miles away.

"Whash you' feesh, doc?" asked the sailor as they reached the centre of the town.

"A guinea," replied the medico.

"Here 'tizz, doc, ol' fella," stuttered the sailor, "an' sheep at half the prish. . . . Garage proprietor wanted 34s. . . . You shee, I mished me train home."

NELSON'S COLUMN

A SOLDIER blinded during the evacuation from Dunkirk is proving one of the brightest stars of war-time League football.

R. White, Tottenham Hotspur amateur wing half-back, suffered so severely from exposure, following prolonged immersion, that he lost his sight.

For weeks it was feared that he might be permanently affected. Then, gradually, his sight returned.

Private White was introduced to Tottenham as a lad of high promise. The Spurs gave him a trial—and he has never looked back.

To-day Capt. White is capable of holding a place in any Soccer company—amateur or professional.

Yes, Captain White; for in the more serious game of war also the once-blinded private has made good.

IN a military hospital in the North of England, another sports star also made a remarkable recovery from an affliction brought on by experiences at Dunkirk and in the Battle of France.

Now he, in turn, is helping others to rebuild in the same hospital after similar hardships.

Jack Smith, North Country heavyweight, with a top-line future, went through such intense shelling and dive-bombing in France that he was struck dumb.

Weeks in hospital followed. Then, to restore his health and confidence, he was encouraged to box. Jack Smith became himself again.

Now, as sergeant P.T. instructor attached to the hospital, he is helping others to return to health the same way.

As one of his "prescriptions" for the wounded men, he regularly stages exhibition boxing tournaments. In them, men of the American Forces are frequent participants.

BOYS of an Air Cadet battalion introduced a new boxing weight at a tournament they ran in London.

It was at a limit of 7st. 7lbs. Being air-minded youngsters, they called it The Mosquito.

DENNIS SURMAN, 17-year-old Wiltshire lad from Devizes, is a champion runner, swimmer—and goal-scorer.

He has scored more than 300 goals in three seasons. Which, according to our arithmetic, works out at

Just over four a match.

Bath City are now giving him a trial as a centre-forward.

JIMMY HOGAN—the man who taught the Continent to play Soccer—is still busy with his teaching and blackboard planning. Jimmy, Aston Villa manager until hostilities broke out, is now on war work in Yorkshire. His spare time—such as it is—is divided between coaching a Home Guard unit, an Air Cadet battalion, and men manning anti-aircraft and searchlight posts.

Often, at the Army's request, he makes long journeys to out-of-the-way defence posts to give one of his ever-popular lectures on Soccer.

JOHN NELSON.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Fertile soil. 5 Choice. 10 Naval officer. 11 Promise.

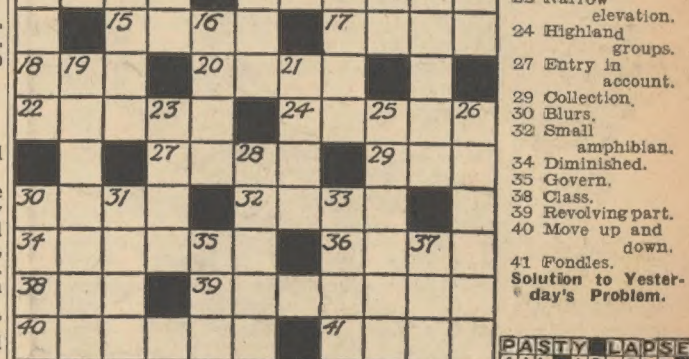
12 Money owing. 13 Previous month.

15 Quitted. 17 Trees. 18 Woman. 20 Genuine. 22 Narrow elevation.

24 Highland groups. 27 Entry in account. 29 Collection. 30 Blurs. 32 Small amphibian.

34 Diminished. 35 Govern. 38 Class. 39 Revolving part. 40 Move up and down.

41 Fondles. Solution to Yesterday's Problem.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Means of ascent. 2 Poem. 3 Went at easy pace. 4 Small child. 5 Quickly fried. 6 Measure of length. 7 Bad. 8 Territorial division. 9 Numbers. 14 Inform. 14 Chafe. 19 Apparent. 21 Highest point. 23 Real point. 25 Shrewd. 26 Male animals. 28 Invest. 30 Platform. 31 Construct. 33 Shawl. 35 Age. 37 Auction item.

PASTY LAPSE  
AIL ICE  
TRIBE TIERS  
H MALT DAGO  
SLENDER SEA  
A SENATE R  
HUM DUKE IS  
ERIC REEDS  
DENOTE TILT  
GLIDE SHEER  
E MANGO STY

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## This England



Romany days . . . This England . . . This Freedom. Up and about, ere the first streak of dawn breaks the horizon. Go where you will, and when you like . . . sleep 'neath the starry sky . . . bask in the noonday heat. And get your sustenance from the inexhaustible supply of Mother Nature.

## S'NICE

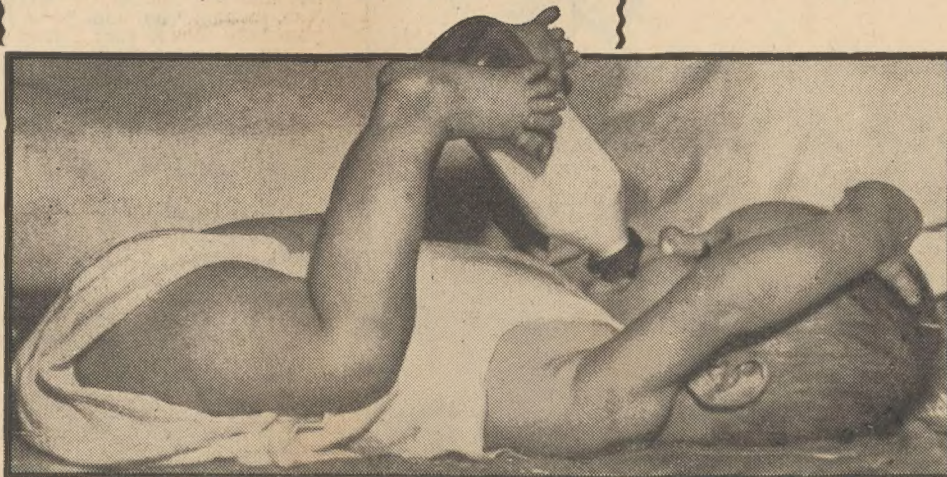


Who said a "cat-lick" was a schoolboy wash? And please observe that the feline gourmet shuts out the sense of sight just to give taste an extra break.



Cameraman must have told a good one to get such a "prolonged" smile. But these W.R.N.S. take life that way. Picket-boat crews—hand-picked, we should say.

## S'EASY



Well . . . if that ain't laziness . . . or is it ingenuity? There's no knowing WHAT women will do to hit the headlines, and Miss Vicki Swanson has sure gone "flat out" for the record. And we used to say "This little pig goes to market." Gosh! the ten of 'em have "Gone to Town"!

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Milk & Ices everywhere—and not a drop to drink!"

